

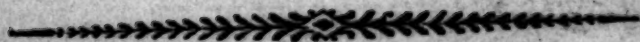
P O E M S.

3

B Y

THOMAS DERMODY.

— 18



D U B L I N :



MDCC LXXXIX.



---

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE following little Collection of Poems, it is hoped, will meet the kind indulgence of the Reader. They are published with a view to obtain support and protection for young genius.—The Author has not yet attained his fourteenth year.—At this early age, he has been sent abroad into the world without friends, and furnished with no means of livelihood, except such as he might derive from a little classical knowledge, and from his talent for Poetry. But these endowments are of little current value, especially in infancy, and require time and cultivation to bring them to maturity.—Our young Poet, therefore, as might be expected, has suffered every kind of distress to which his unprotected situation was liable.—The particulars, although they might interest the sensibility of the Reader, would exceed the*



*limits of an advertisement.—It is but justice, however, to the benevolence of Mr. Owenson, of the Theatre Royal, to mention, that he rescued our Author from the lowest indigence, and received him into his own house. So that to him he is primarily obliged for the comforts he now enjoys, and for the happy prospects that now open to him.—He has had the honour to be presented to some of the first Characters in this city in rank and letters, whose liberal assistance and countenance will, no doubt, have weight as an example, and obtain for him a very general patronage among persons of discernment and distinction.*

*It has been thought proper not to offer this specimen to the Public at large, but to print a few copies to be circulated among those only, who, it is hoped, will take an interest in the protection of our young Poet, and whose protection it is of most consequence he should obtain.—Should the judicious Reader discover in the following Poems any imitations, he will be inclined rather to approve of them, as they shew a just attention to the best models.—Should many of the original passages or thoughts appear above the years of the Author, the Reader may be assured they are entirely his own.—*

*And*



*And he will readily make allowance for a few errors, and weak lines, as our young Poet writes with singular rapidity, and as corrections have been avoided, in order to present a genuine specimen of his abilities.—In the selection here offered from a great number, the best of his little productions, as may be supposed, have been preferred; but some are retained to shew the variety of his manner, and some on account of the grateful sentiments they contain to his benefactors.*

*Subscriptions will be received by the Rev. GILBERT AUSTIN, Baggot-Street.*

MARCH 25, 1789.

P O E M S.

1111

11708127

---

# P O E M S.

---

## INTRODUCTION.

OFT has my Muse, to joyous scenes unknown,  
Forc'd thro' all dangers, help'd by God alone;  
Oft has she bath'd in tears the doleful line,  
Yet waited patient for the will divine.  
Ah! doom'd to suffer all that man can bear,  
Far from a soothing father's anxious care,  
To whom no mother's tender aid was giv'n,  
Devoid of ev'ry help,—but that of Heav'n:  
Tho' sunk in woe, and almost drown'd in grief,  
Yet still I waited for some kind relief.

Thro'



Thro' the dark clouds of fate, I long'd to spy  
 Some lucid breaking of an ev'ning sky;  
 And lo! my better stars, now rise to view,  
 And thus direct my Orphan Muse to you.  
 As when shrill winds the angry deep deform,  
 And the calm sea is harrow'd by the storm,  
 When lone, and dark, the whit'ning billows rise,  
 And livid light'nings dart along the skies,  
 The frighted sailor, in astonish'd mood,  
 Prepares to buffet with the raging flood;  
 'Till rais'd on high, the beacon shines to view,  
 And adds new gladness to the frantic crew.  
 Thus, in your smiles, my future joy I see,  
 Now Fate has alter'd ev'ry harsh decree.  
 How blest'd am I, when ev'n the good and great  
 Will raise the Poet from his humble state,  
 Will cheer his Muse in ev'ry weak essay,  
 And make him cultivate each dawning ray!  
 How have I gain'd my noblest aim at last,  
 How do I view with joy my sorrows past!—  
 Yet oft my former woe shall cause a sigh,  
 And sad remembrance busy pride deny;

Oft

Oft shall I think of ev'ry scene of woe,  
And oft to thee, my briny tributes flow;  
Oft shall I bless thee, free from earlier strife,  
And sing your praises, on the verge of life.  
For while remembrance, in her mirror, shows  
The sad idea of my former woes;  
While what I suffer'd, lies within my heart,—  
Sure fondest Gratitude will ne'er depart.

## TO MR. OWENSON.

**L**ONG has my Muse, devoid of wonted fire,  
 Her song neglected, and unstrung her lyre;  
 Too long! alas, has felt the iron hand  
 Of dire Affliction;—but at thy command  
 Again she tunes her harp; again she tries,  
 On feeble pinion, eagerly to rise;—  
 Again, the Bard renews his ancient lays,  
 And humbly dares attempt to sing thy praise;  
 Praise, which tho' void of ev'ry grace of art,  
 Yet flows, unstudied, from a grateful heart:  
 For tho' no flatt'ry decks my servile line,  
 Yet Truth superior makes thy fame divine;  
 I say but that, which Modesty might hear,  
 Yet, unabash'd, confess these lines sincere.



ON CASTING OFF SOME OLD CLOTHES.A *Breeches* and *Chimera*s dire. PHILIPS.

**T**HIS practice all mankind pursue,  
 To spurn the old, and catch the new;  
 'Tis thus I cast you far away,  
 Who warm'd me many a chilly day;  
 Who kept me from the wind, and weather,  
 While all your parts were stitch'd together;  
 But now when threadbare, thin, and tatter'd,  
 I take a stranger, with pride flatter'd.  
 But tho' I cast you off like lumber,  
 Your fame shall chime in jingling number;  
 The Muse in triumph shall adore you,  
 And lay all honours down before you;  
 Inscribe you in poetic page,  
 As trophies of her infant age;  
 Perhaps may place you on Parnassus,  
 With Phoebus, and his jilting lasses;  
 Or, in a freak, may metamorphose,  
 Into a Star his broken SMALL-CLOTHES.

The

The thighs shall be like horns before us,  
 The seat a head—and there's a *Taurus*!  
 Then each wise astrologic fool  
 Will tell, "He's spy'd a SECOND BULL!"  
 Then you shall cause such learned speeches—  
 I think that's honour for a BREECHES!  
 Beside, this is a comfort too,  
 Each ruling wife shall wish for you;  
 Shall idolize you in such wonder,  
 That she may keep her Goodman under!—  
 Well then, my friends! you need not grumble,  
 Tho' Me you cover'd, very humble;  
 For now I've giv'n a recompence,  
 To any Clothes of wit or sense.—  
 You shall not deck a fable seat  
 Of most *rag-ific* \* Plunket-Street;  
 But be of an immortal birth,  
 Presiding o'er all *rags* on earth.

\* A Street where Old Clothes are sold.

# CONTEMPLATIVE VERSES

ON

THE TOMBS IN DRUMCONDRA CHURCH-YARD.

IN THE MANNER OF GRAY.

NOW sober Ev'ning, clad in mantlet grey,  
In solemn pomp steals on to shadowy Night,  
The twinkling Stars begin their lucid way,  
And bashful Cynthia shews her silver light.

No noise is heard, save yonder hooting Owl,  
That shrieks his mournful dirge in scream of woe—  
This is the time to cultivate the soul,  
And bid it spurn at vain terrestrial shew!

Here oft with me, my pensive Muse, retire,  
And o'er each hillock heave a sigh sincere;  
Here let me softly string th' elegiac lyre,  
And pay the humble dead a tribute tear.—

Yon



Yon ghastly scull, at which my step recoils,  
 Perhaps was once some lovely Sylvan maid;  
 Was once the seat of all the dimpled smiles,  
 But ah! those winning charms are now decay'd.

Where is the front where bashful meekness beam'd,  
 Where is each charm that won th' enraptur'd swain,  
 Where now the eyes where heav'nly brightness flam'd,  
 Oh! where is she, the Venus of the plain?—

Perhaps yon verdant turf, tho' humbly low,  
 Contains the village Patriot's noisy head;  
 Who guess'd of tottering states the future woe,  
 And mourn'd bright freedom from his country fled.

The rustic Punster here perhaps may rest,  
 Possess'd of many a quibble, many a joke;  
 Each word he utter'd was esteem'd a jest,  
 And Bumpkins gap'd, and titter'd as he spoke.

The Preacher's lowly stone deserves my tear,  
 Who by example shew'd the good he taught,  
 His life was blameless, and his heart sincere,  
 And if he gave not much, 'twas not his fault.

When

When at his door he saw the child of woe,  
 The bursting tear stood trembling in his eye,  
 To give his little alms he ne'er was slow,  
 And oft he wish'd for riches with a sigh.—

And tho' he long is dead, the silent clown  
 Passes his humble tomb in rev'rend awe;  
 He thinks he sees the goodman's chiding frown  
 Desire him follow Virtue's lovely law;

And as he reads the moral lesson rang'd  
 In antique order, on the sculptur'd stone,  
 All in a trice, his vicious thoughts are chang'd,  
 And sad, in honest grief, he heaves a groan.

Blest be thy name! and may thy peaceful shade  
 For ever taste the bliss of heav'nly love!  
 And tho' beneath this earthly hillock laid,  
 Yet soar triumphant to the plains above!—

Perchance, the Poet here reclines his head,  
 No stone or slate to tell that once he sung;  
 His varying dreams, and self-made pomp are fled,  
 And mute, alas! too mute, his tuneful tongue!

The



The wonder of the village once was he,  
 His witty song could jocund mirth diffuse,  
 He'd deify the Rustics for a fee,  
 And all would ask, "What fairy was his Muse?"

How blest'd was he, his life in pleasure spent!  
 He had no *Patron*, each one was his *Friend*,  
 He aim'd no high'r, with frugal praise content,  
 And what he wrote, was but by *Nature* penn'd.

Oh! may I thus, his calm enjoyments share,  
 Nor vainly mix amongst the giddy crowd!  
 Despising flatt'ry's guile, and folly's snare,  
 And if possess'd of riches, yet not proud.

And, when I die, beneath yon weeping yew,  
 Oh! may I lie, by cypress hem'd around;  
 And with no epitaph, but what is true,  
 Which only serves to shew the burial ground.

While oft the swain quick trudging o'er the tomb,  
 Of worldly cares, and village business full,  
 Shall pass neglectful of his certain doom,  
 And careless, kick the hallowed Poet's scull.—

But



But hark—methinks I hear the pealing knell,—  
 The sound encreas'd comes swelling on the gale,  
 Kind Sexton, turn a while, and gently tell,  
 Altho' I dread to hear the horrid tale.

'Tis he—my panting heart did sure forebode,  
 The trickling tear did now unbidden flow,  
 Some friend I guess'd was near his last abode,  
 My heart confess'd anticipated woe!

And lo! the hearse in solemn grandeur comes,  
 The torches flashing thro' the dusk of night,  
 Each chequer'd gleam reflects the murky tombs,  
 And horror is encreas'd by glimm'ring light.

Those yonder weeping ministers of woe,  
 Now near approach, in sable robes array'd,  
 Like messengers of fate, now moving slow,  
 Solemn they walk, and pray o'er all the dead.

And now—but first oh! let me fondly weep,  
 And clasp thy coffin to my panting breast;  
 Snatch one farewell—then lay Philander deep,  
 And sing his *requiem* to eternal rest.

Now the cold clay, thrice on his coffin cast,  
 The greedy earth for ever hides my friend—  
 Alas! thy transitory life is past,  
 And all thy earthly honors at an end.

But tho' thy body I shall view no more,  
 Thou e'er shalt gain a tablet of my heart;  
 Thy loss, my faithful friend, I'll e'er deplore,  
 And never shall thy *memory* depart.

S O N G.

I.

WHEN Love at first with soft emotion,  
Steals within the yielding breast,  
How sweetly-bitter is the potion,  
'Till our senses are possest.

II.

But when the tyrant flame is raging,  
Ten thousand piercing pangs encrease,  
Ah! then the fire is past affuaging,  
'What can lull our thoughts to peace?

A N O T H E R.

I.

SMILE, Flirtilla, on thy lover,  
See me kneel a dying swain,  
At least one gentle look discover,—  
Perhaps I wou'd not come again.

II.

Refuse me once,—I think you scoff,—  
Yet I come a second time;  
The third, if you refuse,—I'm off:—  
For over-pressing is a crime.



ON A CARPING SCRIBBLER.

THUS have I seen a Magpye oft  
Spend all it's little rage;  
And strut, and thrust its scolding beak  
No farther than the cage.



ON AN EPIGRAM.

AN Epigram is understood,  
By a Jelly-bag precisely;  
At top it's fill'd with something good,  
At bottom pointed nicely.



TO A LADY WITH AN APPLE, *Extempore.*

IF this the Golden Apple was,  
And should I Paris be,  
Tho' all the Goddeffes were by,  
I'd give the fruit to thee.

## PROLOGUE TO THE CHILD OF NATURE.

WHEN times were alter'd with the hearts of men,  
 The Child of Nature found protection then;  
 Their gen'rous souls to pity ever prone,  
 Felt alien griefs, as if they were their own:  
 From tender age they rear'd the Scyon plant,  
 And taught her all the virtues she could want.  
 But love was distant from the Virgin's ear,  
 A thing unfit for one so young to hear;  
 Embow'r'd in groves, she spent her peaceful life,  
 Nor knew the sorrows of a pining wife;  
 'Till grown in years, and fit to think of man,  
 She saw the instinct which thro' nature ran;  
 She saw the constant deer, the cooing dove,  
 She saw, and wonder'd, nature whisper'd love;  
 Caught by the sound, she bless'd the tender name,  
 And hugg'd with eager joy the glowing flame;  
 And willing to reward that noble mind,  
 Which kept her from the knowledge of mankind,  
 To recompense her Guardian's care thro' life,  
 Instead of ward, she now became a wife.—  
 Britons, to this with pitying ear attend,  
 And each become the Child of Nature's friend.

*(This Prologue describes the story of the Play.)*



## TO MR. KING.

IF Nature, grac'd by ev'ry stroke of art,  
 Can raise the passions, or explore the heart;  
 If winning elegance, and sense refin'd,  
 Exalt the soul, or captivate the mind;  
 That pow'r is thine,—thy features can impart  
 Thy inmost thoughts, and open all thy heart:  
 And in thy private life we plainly view  
 'The pleasing characters you act so true.—  
 In Belcour's gen'rous heart we view thy own,  
 A soul deserving Virtue's loftiest throne;  
 Thy manners gentle, thy affection free;—  
 It is no *Actor*, but Thyself we see.  
 How does thy *Trotley* brave the Critic's rage,  
 And dart invective on this foolish age,  
 Point, with keen satire, at the tinsell'd throng,  
 And rise Knight-Errant to subdue the *Ton*?  
 But when in *Ogleby* you please the sight,  
 Gay ev'n in age, and laughingly polite;  
 Tho' each rheumatic pain has overspread  
 His feeble limbs, yet *Ogleby's* well-bred.  
 In *Puff*, of excellence, oh! what a store,  
 You gain more learned plaudits than before.—



Still sure to please the wits in either row,  
 The *Gods* above, or *Demigods* \* below;  
 Or if you strive to please each brilliant side †,  
 How is each heart elate with honest pride!  
 How oft they wish that *King* would never part,  
 But raise to virtuous deeds each rival heart!  
 And still, when off the stage, you charm us more,  
 Almost superior to thy worth before.—  
 No more ideal goodness charms the sight,  
 We view thy real self, with new delight,—  
 We see thee ev'ry son of merit raise,  
 And build thyself a monument of praise;  
 We see thee *Glory's* shining path pursue,  
 Excel thyself, and make thy *acting* true.  
 If aught my humble Muse avail'd, I'd string  
 Once more my humble lyre, and strive to sing;  
 But, sure, the song must but debase thy fame,  
 And my weak efforts fully such a name;  
 Thy great applause would baffle all my pains,  
 The Muse is dumb;—but gratitude remains.

\* Gallery and Pitt.

† Boxes.

## THE PADLOCK FOR THE HEART,

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

YE fair ones, who long for the conjugal state,  
 And wish to be join'd to a soft-cooing mate,  
 Desirous that all should be humbled by you,  
 I'll tell you the Padlock to keep the Heart true.

'Tis not affectation that makes you divine,  
 'Tis not for your beauty men bow at your shrine,  
 'Tis your mind any person of judgment will view,—  
*Art* is not the Padlock to keep the Heart true.

You're deck'd by the Graces, by Nature adorn'd,  
 And these will prevail, when *finesse* is but scorn'd;  
 Good-sense and behaviour all beauty outdo,—  
 The *outside* is no Padlock to keep the Heart true.

Tho' the blush of the rosebud is seen on your cheek,  
 Tho' Queen of all Hearts, yet be modest and meek,  
 Bright wit and good humour will add to your hue,  
 And will prove the best padlock to keep the heart true.

Seem

Seem unconscious, ye fair ! of the charms you possess,  
 For the prouder you are, they'll admire you the less,  
 When *airs* are but scoff'd, and ill-temper won't do,—  
 GOODNATURE's the Padlock to keep the Heart true.



## ODE TO TERROR.

**H**ARK! how the troubled air,  
 Resounds the scream of wan Despair,—  
 While Terror, ghastly spirit, huge and tall,  
 Array'd in sable robe, and mourning pall,  
     Attended by her haggard train  
     Of murd'rous sprites, and goblins drear,  
 In fullen grandeur stalks along the plain,  
 While Nature starts, and Pity pleads in vain.—

Oh! Goddesses of th' affrighted mien!  
 The awful pause! the swift recoiling start,  
     Of ev'ry glaring horror, threat'ning Queen!  
 To me thy magic-glass awhile impart.

“ I grant—and now prepare thy fight,  
 For objects pregnant with affright,—  
     And lo! in yonder shady wood,  
 Survey that shaggy mountain, drear and high,  
     That frowns, impending on the gulphy flood,  
 And casts a brownish horror on the eye!

View there the wretch that clings so fast,  
 To one small branch, with look of woe,  
 He starts, he trembles at the furious blast,  
 And now he falls into th' abyfs below.

Now turn thy glancing eye and view,  
 The sword that gleams thro' yonder fhade,  
 The murd'rer fee, his hand embrue,  
 In infant blood, and draw the reeking blade;  
 Ev'n while the smiling babe in wanton play,  
 Kiffes his hands, or views the dagger's gleam,—  
 By frantic rage impress'd, it drinks his vital stream,  
 While the calm infant laughs his life away!

In you deserted wild the trav'ler see!  
 With look aghast, expreffive of his fear,  
 He thinks a fpirit howls in ev'ry blast,  
 And fancy'd goblins ev'ry ftep purfue;  
 And oft he looks behind,  
 At ev'ry breath of wind,  
 And ftops and fhudders in his eager hafte.

Now turn thee to the iron bed,  
 Where, raving wild, unconquer'd Madness lies,  
 His face by turns is pale—now crimson red,  
 And livid light'ning sparkles from his eyes;  
 Now laughing in a crazy mood,  
 Now borne on Anger's sweepy flood,  
 By various turns, contending passions rise!  
 Now view another horrid scene,  
 Surpassing ev'ry fight before,—  
 A burning vessel on the tortur'd main,  
 Hark the affrighted sailors frantic roar,  
 While sea and sky like blazing worlds are seen,  
 And wat'ry Ætnas on the fluid green;  
 Horror, delighted with the dismal joy,  
 Gorgonian Terror heaps around,  
 And Fury, eager to destroy,  
 And Desolation catch the dying sound!  
 While some a wat'ry tomb pursue,  
 Or some expire in sulphur flaming blue;  
 Or the fond husband, careless of his doom,  
 Clasps his lov'd part'ner to his breast,  
 United, seeks an undivided tomb,  
 And in the billowy wave obtains eternal rest."



## N I G H T.

THE dewy car of Eve is past,  
 And Night begins her reign,  
 While sable clouds, descending fast,  
 Obscure the dusky plain.—

How clear the diamonds shine on high,  
 That deck the robe of Night,  
 Bespangl'd on the cloudy sky,  
 In brilliancy of light.

While from her silver seat above,  
 Pale Cynthia's darted beam,  
 Awhile illumes the leafy grove,  
 Or dances on the stream.

No breezy Zephyr o'er the mead,  
 No murmur breaks my song,  
 And wrapt in meditation's shade,  
 Silent, I rove along.

'Tis now the time when all is calm,  
And mortals Sleep obey,  
For Sleep can best supply that balm;  
Which chafes grief away.

But mine the task on foaring wing  
To tune the moral lyre;  
To praise the all-creative King,  
And gloriously aspire.

Methinks! I see upon the ground,  
Terrestrial planets beam!—  
'Tis but the glow-worms strew'd around,  
Reflect the varied gleam.

Like mortals, you awhile are proud,  
Of all your gilded train,  
You rival with the gaudy croud,  
But, ah! your pride is vain.

Ye fair! who force of beauty boast,  
In them your emblem view,  
They last but one short night at most,  
As frail and fine as you!

Ah! quit your midnight revels now,  
 Where dire consumption pains,  
 Where sickness wans the wrinkl'd brow,  
 And Death for ever reigns,  
 With me expatiate o'er this scene,  
 Remov'd from worldly care,  
 Oh! tread with me the velvet green,  
 And breath the balmy air!

F I N I S.



[ 31 ]

And quit your midnight revels now,  
Where the consumption pains  
Whore sickness was the wretched brow,  
And Death for ever reigns.

With me captive in this house,  
Remov'd from all the  
Oh! used with me to green,  
And break the balmy air!



W I N I S